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## ANOTHER UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF SIMON LORD LOVAT.

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To fully understand and appreciate the contents of the following letter, we shall preface it with brief biographical notices of the individuals mentioned in it, as well as of the writer himself, the notorious Simon Lord Lovat.

Hugh, tenth Baron Lovat, married the Lady Amelia Murray, daughter of John, first Marquis of Athole ; by whom he had four daughters, but no male issue. Amelia, the eldest of these was, by a decree of the Court of Session, declared heiress, and put in possession of the estate ; upon which she assumed the title of Baroness Lovat, and united herself with Alexander Mackenzie of Prestonhall ; who, in virtue of his marriage took the name and designation of Fraser of Fraserdale. The clan, however, did not approve of or recognise this attempt to impose a female chief on them. According to immemorial usage, any clan would elect to submit to the nearest heir male, however remote, rather than to a female descendant of the greatest chief. The Salic law was never more inviolate in regard to the succession of chiefs than with Highland clans. So, the Baroness and her husband had to contend not only with the prejudices of clanship but also with a powerful rival in Thomas of Beaufort, who had a numerous family, and who—failing male issue of Hugh, the

tenth Lord—was undoubtedly, as next heir male, chief of the clan, whatever may have been his legal title to the estate. But, from whatever cause, neither Thomas of Beaufort himself, nor his eldest son, Alexander, appears to have taken any active measures to dispute the pretensions of Fraserdale and his lady. That contest was reserved for Simon, second son of Thomas of Beaufort, who now assumed the title of Master of Lovat. The recovery of his ancestral rights—as he thought unjustly alienated from himself and family—became the leading idea of his life, and, to the attainment of which he devoted all his talents and energies, as well as his uncommon aptitude for playing off upon every party and every individual with whom he was in any way connected, that consummate dissimulation of which he was so perfect a master.

In 1690, at the age of twenty-five, we find him in arms against King William, under General Buchan. But after the rebel forces were dispersed, he had no difficulty in changing sides, and accepting a captain's commission in Lord Murray's regiment, or in taking those solemn oaths to Government which, six years after, he violated to suit his own sinister ends.

The maiden heiress of Lovat was residing at this period with her mother at Beaufort, and Simon laid his schemes so well that he almost succeeded in prevailing upon her to elope with him; and it was only by accident he was prevented from carrying out his design! Disappointed in the daughter, he thought the mother might suit his purpose as well—and although he admits in his Memoirs "that she was twice his age, dwarfish in her person, and deformed in her shape," he actually carried her off. Such a gross outrage against the relative of one of the first families in Scotland, entirely blasted his prospects for the time. The Athole family—not without reason—became his most determined enemies; and by their influence he was prosecuted, and intercommuned. Letters of fire and sword were issued against him and his associates; so that he was obliged to flee, first to the Isles, and then to his old masters, the Stuarts, from whom he claimed protection against the Athole family. And, yet at the very time he thus professes loyalty to St Germain's, we find him, through the Duke of Argyle, offering his services to King William, on condition of receiving absolution for his crimes. This, through

the Duke's influence, and the kindly offices of Carstairs, the King's Chaplain, he succeeded in obtaining. But it did not secure his loyalty to William, for gratitude does not appear to have been one of Lovat's prominent characteristics. The discovery of this by the Court of St Germain's, so provoked their resentment that, at their solicitation, the French King had him arrested, and thrown into the Bastille—the guiltiest, perhaps, of all the victims of arbitrary power immured within its walls. Shortly before the rising under the Earl of Mar in 1715, Lovat succeeded in making his escape, and found it convenient to become a zealous Loyalist. The clan, in the service of King James, and under Fraserdale as their leader, he recalled from the rebel camp at Perth, and, co-operating with other Loyalists in the North, he gave valuable help towards the suppression of the rebellion. About the same time, uniting his influence with that of General Grant at the election of a member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, Forbes of Culloden, the Government candidate, was elected instead of Fraserdale, to the utter mortification of the Jacobite faction. For this burst of loyalty, Lovat was, by a remission and rehabilitation under the Great Seal, put in full possession of the titles and estates of Lovat. On getting this sudden accession of power and influence in his native country, so little expected, perhaps, by himself, the "decrepid old Dowager" was no longer necessary to his ambitious purposes, and without any ceremony or scruple of conscience, he deserted her altogether, and in 1717 married a daughter of the Laird of Grant; the mother of three of his children—Simon, Master of Lovat; Alexander, who died in 1762; and a daughter, Janet, who married the Laird of Cluny.

After the death of this lady, Lovat sought the hand of Miss Dalrymple, daughter of the Earl of Stair; but being unsuccessful, he made suit to the Honourable Primrose Campbell, niece of the Duke of Argyle, to ensure, it is said, the friendship of the Duke, should disaster overtake him in his dark and devious courses. Of this, judging from his letters, he seems to have had uncomfortable foreboding. In one of them, written to Lochiel, he says—"destroy my last. Should Duncan (President Forbes) see it, my head for an onion." Mortified by Miss Campbell's pertinacious rejection of him, he decoyed her, under false pre-

tences, to an Edinburgh residence of questionable fame—so goes the story—told her where she was, at the same time urging her to comply with his suit, to save her character. Anyhow she became his wife, and the mother of Colonel Archibald Campbell Fraser, who succeeded on the death of General Simon Fraser. She is the Lady Lovat of the following letter—a truly excellent and benevolent person. Resenting her remonstrances because of his profligacy and profanity, he confined her to her room, where she was poorly fed, and but scantily clothed. Her friends having indirectly heard of this, one of them, a lady, resolved to visit Beaufort, and ascertain for herself the truth of the report. Lovat received her with extravagant demonstrations of welcome—went to his wife's room with a dress becoming her rank, ordering her on her peril to disclose no domestic secret, and to receive her relative in her happiest mood. Such was the terror with which he had inspired her, he was obeyed to the letter; and his guest left his house in the belief that the reports which had gone abroad as to his treatment of Lady Lovat were either groundless or exaggerated. This explains the anxiety—even alarm—which he expresses in his letter, lest she should accompany Mr Chisholm to Edinburgh, and so escape from his hands. Eventually, however, in spite of all his watchfulness and craftiness, she effected her purpose. A letter enclosed in a clew of yarn found its way to her relatives, who took effective steps for her liberation. After this she took up her residence in Edinburgh, where she remained till the period of her death.

Lady Lovat is described by a contemporary as small in stature, with claims to beauty—remains of which she retained to old age—"When at home her dress was a red silk gown with ruffled cuffs, and sleeves puckered like a gentleman's shirt—a fly cap encircling her head, with a mob-cap across it falling down over the cheeks; and tied under the chin—her hair dressed and powdered—a double muslin handkerchief round the neck and bosom—lammer beads—a white lawn apron edged with lace—black stockings, with red gushets, and high heeled shoes. As her chair devolved from the head of Blackfriar's Wind, any one who saw her sitting in it, would have taken her for a queen in waxwork, pasted up in a glass case."

When her husband was in the Tower waiting his trial, for-



getting old sores, and commiserating his condition, she kindly wrote him, offering her services and personal attendance, if she could be of use to him, but which offer, "after all that had passed," as he says in his reply, was respectfully declined. She died at Edinburgh in 1796, at the advanced age of eighty-six, after surviving her husband for the long period of nearly fifty years.

The following letter was written to the Rev. Donald Fraser, who was then tutor to Simon, Master of Lovat, and whom Lovat addresses as his cousin—as he usually does, when he wishes to court a clansman—but, as appears from another of Lovat's letters, Mr Fraser was connected with his Lordship by family ties. As his letters to Mr Fraser show, he had the highest respect for him, and confidence in him as his son's tutor—so much so, that ripe, ready, and well qualified as he was, to take the oversight of a parish—solicitous also for ministerial work, Lovat, while apparently zealous for his settlement, privately baulks him in every conceivable way, to retain his services for his son. Mr Fraser was eventually settled, first in the parish of Killearnan, and afterwards at Ferrintosh, where he ended his ministry. He was one of the ablest and most eminent of the Ross-shire clergymen of his day. Three of his descendants—also eminent—were successively ministers of the Parish of Kirkhill.

Lovat's other cousin, whom he styles Pitkyllen, after a small estate he owned in Easter Ross, is the Rev. James Fraser, minister of the parish of Alness—a learned and able divine—and the author of several works on theology, one of which—his book on Sanctification—still holds a high place in a minister's library. He died full of labours and honours in 1769, after a ministry of forty-three years.

Mrs Macarthur, to whom reference is also made in the letter, was his (Mr Fraser's) sister, and wife of a Doctor Macarthur, a respected medical practitioner in one of the neighbouring parishes.

Of the Rev. Thomas Chisholm of Kilmorack, all we know is that he was then minister of that parish—a good man, and a great friend of Lady Lovat's—to whom she often unbosomed herself in her difficulties and distresses—and to whom she was very kind. These kindnesses Lovat pleases, for purposes of his

own, to speak of as "stolen property." The reader will be amused at the formidable charges Lovat trumps up against him—as, for instance, that besides being a thief, he is guilty of "scandalum magnatum" against a peer of the realm, because, as Lovat alleges, he called him a knave, "and said that no clerk or secretary would work for him, but one tinctured with knavery." "This alone will do his business," says Lovat, that is, unless he is instantly amenable to Lovat's behests. Mr Chisholm was, however, a forgiving man, for we find his name is one of nine who signed an influential memorial to Government in favour of General Simon Fraser, to help him out of the difficulties and dangers into which he fell by his father's actings.

Lovat is seen in this letter, as he often is, posing in the attitude of a billiard player, with a rod in his hand, and ivory balls in front of him. He skillfully hits the nearest, that it may hit the next—that it may hit the third—that the fourth may be bagged in the net at yonder corner. Mr Fraser—Pitkyllen—and Mr Chisholm, are to him only ivory balls to be hit in succession, by the master hand of this arch performer and plotter, that he may bag the one he ultimately aims at—Lady Lovat. And so skilfully does he play his game that his end is attained. Mr Chisholm does not go to the Assembly, and Lady Lovat for the present remains in her domestic prison house.

Now for the letter:—

DEAR COUSIN,—I hope this will find you in good health, and I give you my kind humble service, and I entreat you may assure my cousin Pitkyllen and his lady, and his sister, Mrs McArthur, and Mr McArthur, of my affectionate respects.

I have sent you this express privately, to inform you that, according to my desire, my friend Commissary Munro came out of town, and having gone to fish at the water-side with Sandy Down and John Fraser, my factor, Mr Chisholm came down in his night-gown to see what they were upon, when the Commissary entered into a serious conversation with him before John Fraser, my factor, and he was mighty plain with him, and told him that for the love and concern he had for his children as his relations, he was obliged to tell him that his mad, distracted, foolish, and calumnious way of speaking of me and of my family did manifestly endanger the ruin of his person and of his family, and that he need not expect to have any support from Sir Robert Munro; that he was sure he would be the greatest enemy

he had in Scotland, if he found that he was endeavouring to do the least hurt to me or to my family. He likewise let him know what an ignominious and dangerous process it would be if I would prosecute him for the thefts and depredations done in my house; and that the effects that were stolen and robbed from me were carried to his house, received by him, and destroyed by him and others, which can be proved. He likewise told him that he was sure he was ignorant of the crime of *scandalum magnatum*, which he explained to him—that the calumniating of a peer of the nation was either imprisonment or banishment for life. In short, the Commissary spoke so strong to him, that he and John Fraser told me the wretch trembled like the quaking ash, and that they never saw a creature so confounded; and that he owned most of what the Commissary alleged of his lies and calumnies. The conclusion of the Commissary's discourse was, that he knew no way under the sun to save him but one; and that was his hindering my Lady Lovat to go South, since all the country knew their correspondence, and their resolution of going South together, which journey could not but be hurtful and pernicious to the Lord Lovat, and that was the foundation and design of the journey, to make a division and separation in his family; which was very wicked and malicious, and which he should endeavour to stop if he had a mind to appease the Lord Lovat's wrath. He said he was very desirous to do anything that would reconcile him to my Lord Lovat, that he would put off his going South to the Assembly, but desired to keep it private. That my Lady Lovat was of such an odd temper that he did not know how to manage her. But the Commissary replied that all the country knew that he had the management of her more than any man alive; and if he said otherwise that no person would believe him. The conversation ended by his saying that he would do what he could. The Commissary forgot to tell him the most essential part of the *scandalum magnatum* against me, which was, that he said I was a knave, and that no secretary or clerk would work for me in my room, but a man that was bred and tainted with knavery and villany. This alone will do his business, if there was nothing else, and, indeed, I think it would be a good action before God and man, to get that dissembling, false, and treacherous hypocrite turned out of the ministry; for he is truly a scandal to religion, and to the Kirk that he is an unworthy member of. I entreat you communicate this letter to my dear cousin, Pitkyllen, and to his worthy sister, and when they see the horrid injustice that I meet with, and the great danger that my family is in by the villainous conduct, contrivance, and actings of that subtle, cunning, false, and vile hypocrite; I am persuaded that they will do all in their power to save me from the malicious and dangerous malice of that wretch.

I shall long to have the return to this, and to see you here again, and I am with sincere esteem,

My dear Mr Donald,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful humble servant,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 31st March 1739.

Late at night.

After the settlement of Mr Donald Fraser at Killearnan, Mr John Halket succeeded him as tutor to the Master of Lovat ; and afterwards obtained the appointment of parish schoolmaster of Prestonpans. Lovat, who was well satisfied with Mr Halket's services, decided to board his second son Alexander with him ; and in the summer of 1741 travelled South with him to place "the Brig" as he calls him in Halket's charge. On this occasion, Carlyle, afterwards minister of Inveresk, dined with Lovat and his party ; and in his diary has recorded a few reminiscences of the event, which give a glimpse of what Lovat was at such times. The company consisted of Erskine of Grange—the husband of the unfortunate Lady Grange—gentlemen of the Fraser Clan, Lovat himself, his son Alexander, Halket, and Carlyle. As soon as seated at table, Lovat and Grange disputed as to which of them should say grace—when at length, Lovat yielded ; and repeated two or three pious sentences in French ; which were understood only by Grange and Carlyle. Grace over, Lovat politely asked Carlyle to help him to a whiting from a dish of fish next him, which he did, remarking at the same time "they were not whittings but haddocks, but that according to the proverb he who got a haddock for a whiting was not ill off." At this Lovat stormed, says Carlyle, and "swore more than fifty dragoons." He was sure they were whittings, as he had distinctly ordered them, whereupon Halket, who knew Lovat well, tipped Carlyle, who took the hint, adding "that as he had but small skill in these things, and as his Lordship had ordered the fish, he must be mistaken," whereupon his Lordship calmed down, became pleasant, ate the fish, and again swore "that he never could eat haddocks all his life." The landlady afterwards told Carlyle he was right, that they were haddocks, but that she ordered her cook to scrape out St Peter's mark, as she could not

procure whittings as Lovat had ordered her to do. The claret appears to have been good, and as the wine circulated freely, the two old gentlemen became merry, and their conversation youthful and gay. "What I observed," says Carlyle, "was that Grange, without appearing to flatter him, was very observant of Lovat, did everything to please him, engaged Lord Drummores's piper to discourse music to him—according to Grange a first-class performer, but of whom Lovat said 'that he was fit only to play reels to his (Grange's) oyster women.'" The landlady's daughter, a handsome young woman, having on some errand come into the room, Lovat insisted on her dancing a reel with them. Though not less than seventy-five years, and Grange not much younger, the wine and the young lady emboldened the two old gentlemen to dance away to the music of the bagpipes, till the young damsel, on observing in course of his dancing evolutions, Lovat's gouty legs to be as thick as posts, fell into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and ran away, to the discomfiture of the old gentleman, but greatly to the merriment of the youthful members of the party. "Lovat," says Carlyle, "was tall and stately, and might have been handsome in his youth, with a very flat nose. His manner was not disagreeable, though his address consisted chiefly of gross flattery, and in the due application of money. He did not make on me the impression of a man of leading mind, while his suppleness and profligacy were apparent." The party supped in the evening, at Preston, with Grange, after which "the two old gentlemen mounted their coach, and drove to Edinburgh." "This," adds Carlyle, "closed a very memorable day."

Many of our readers have read the story of the forcible abduction of Lady Grange, and her banishment to the Western Isles, where she died a miserable, friendless exile. Her husband was an intense Jacobite—as Lovat was—and accessory to all the plots for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. His wife entirely disapproved of his doings as dangerous to his position and interests, and threatened, unless he desisted, to disclose what she knew—which would have compromised more than him, and Lovat also. It is said, to obviate this danger, Lovat suggested her banishment; and as it was observed that some of them, who forcibly carried her away from her Edinburgh residence, wore

the Fraser tartan, it was inferred, and we believe truly, that the deed was done by some of the very men who this evening accompanied Lovat and Grange to the Metropolis. This singular man, as our readers know, ended his active but tortuous career on Tower Hill, on the 9th of April 1747, in the 80th year of his age, and so his ambitious schemes and aims, for the attainment of which he wrought so diligently—but so tortuously, perished along with him—"and like the baseless fabric of a vision left not a wreck (or but a wreck) behind."

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

KENMORE.

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### G L E N G A R R Y.

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The glen of my Fathers no longer is ours,  
The castle is silent and roofless its towers,  
The hamlets have vanished, and grass growing green  
Now covers the hillocks where once they had been ;  
The song of thy stream rises sadly in vain,  
No children are here to rejoice in the strain,  
No voices are heard by Loch-Oich's lone shore,  
Glengarry is here ! but Glengarry no more.

Glengarry ! Glengarry ! Oh ! where are thy men,  
Who numbered for battle a hundred times ten,  
And never the slogan of enemies feared,  
When led by the chieftain they loved and revered ?  
Alas ! from their glen they were driven away,  
And surely still lingers the curse of that day,  
No clan and no chieftain are here as of yore,  
The glen of the brave is Macdonell's no more.

Macdonell ! Macdonell ! thy glory is gone,  
Thy clansmen are scattered, thy name is unknown,  
Tho' Time cannot all the old memories efface,  
The stranger is lord of the home of thy race ;  
Forever departed from thee is the glen,  
Forever departed the bravest of men,  
Forever departed the love that they bore,  
Glengarry is here ! but Glengarry no more !

Sunderland.

WM. ALLAN.

DONALD MACLEOD, AUTHOR OF  
"GLOOMY MEMORIES."

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DONALD MACLEOD'S whole life was a long struggle with the oppressor—an unequal fight, for he received but scant sympathy or support from those whom he tried so well to serve. Only now have his efforts become appreciated.

The facts of his life history, so far as I have been able to obtain them, are here given to your many interested readers.

Macleod was born, the second of a family of ten, at Rossal, near Syre, in Strathnaver. His father, William Macleod, by trade a mason, gave him the best education which the Strath in these primitive times could afford. When he was about his 17th year, the whole family were evicted from the Strath under very trying circumstances. A temporary bothy afforded them shelter at Achniskich until decent accommodation was provided. Donald was now apprenticed to his father's trade. His father died a few years after their change of home, and shortly thereafter Donald married, in the year 1818, a daughter of Charles Gordon, the widely respected catechist, who had also suffered eviction.

He worked at his trade of mason for some time in Farr, but factorial dictation proved too unpleasant for a man of his temperament, and he therefore left the parish in disgust for the town of Wick, where he could have some more freedom of action as well as of opinion. About this time he began those contributions to the *Weekly Chronicle* and *Northern Ensign*, which have earned him such fame as the first, and, perhaps, greatest exponent of the wrongs and cruelties which were inflicted upon the peasantry and clansmen of the Highlands.

The factor, taking advantage of the husband's absence, evicted the poor wife with her young family from their home, at Strathy, where Donald had left her when he went to Caithness. She then found shelter at Armadale, but the farm manager, under the factor's instructions, evicted her for the second time. No neighbours, under threat of the same penalty, would dare to admit them within their doors. She now sought refuge with her mother-in-law, but revenge pursued the innocent woman even



here, and the threat of eviction again drove them to the road. Through the inclemency of a winter night the poor mother had to leave Achniskich, and plod on to Thurso, leaving her eldest boy in his grandmother's care. Donald's sisters helped her to carry the children through the moor—there were no roads then—and they arrived before daybreak in Thurso. There are stories current among the people regarding the miseries of this flitting which would "harrow up one's soul," and are better unrecorded.

The old widow sent her grandchild to school, but terror of eviction forced her soon after to send him also away to his father. This son afterwards joined the army, and died of fever in Egypt.

In the interval Donald had gone to Edinburgh in search of work, sending from time to time a share of his earnings to his wife. When he heard of her distress he came north to Thurso, and took his wife and family to Edinburgh. But she was heart-broken, and her health failing, she died a few years after going South. Donald was greatly attached to his brave and faithful wife, and nursed her very tenderly through her long illness. He never allowed his literary and other work to interfere with the duty which he owed to her. His own constitution, though robust once, now began to yield, and he gave up his heavy work of mason for the lighter occupation of a tea merchant. The publication of his letters in pamphlet form brought him no reward. A few years more and he left for America—the retreat of many an earlier patriot—where he opened a bookstall at Woodstock, in Canada. He here published a second edition of his letters, to which he gave the title of "Gloomy Memories,"\* as a counter-blast to Mrs Beecher Stowe's somewhat untrustworthy "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." I am told that on her perusal of Macleod's reply, she expunged from her later American Edition the objectionable and offensive chapter relating to Sutherlandshire.† In any case, her impressions were false and her information one-sided, and she afterwards regretted her futile attempt to white-wash the Scotch proprietors. Macleod's style

\* Now embodied in "Highland Clearances," published by A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness.

† We have an edition of "Sunny Memories" in our possession in which this Chapter is suppressed. That it was suppressed cannot be too widely known. The fact is most significant.—Ed. C.M.

is almost classical, and I have not the slightest doubt that his letters are entirely his own composition. They are written with great force and vigour, and at the time must have told upon the conscience of his enemies very severely. He was intimate with a fellow-sympathiser and brother-in-trade—the great Highland-hearted Hugh Miller. This has led some to suppose that he had Miller's assistance. This is wrong. The letters want the finish which Hugh Miller would have given them had he applied his master hand. Macleod could write himself and could write well.

He was not very successful in business at Woodstock, and died in comparative poverty about the year 1860.

His letters still serve the purpose which, with his last breath, he intended. A monument has been erected to his memory at Woodstock, but his records of the sufferings of his fellow countrymen, and the brave battle he fought for their sake, will prove for him a monument more lasting than brass.

Macleod is survived by two sisters who live in the Parish of Farr. These sisters are in receipt of Parochial relief, and I think it will be an everlasting disgrace if something be not done to soften the hard hand of poverty and brighten their few remaining years. I am sure the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Farr, or the Secretary of the Crofters' Association in the district, would be willing to receive subscriptions on their behalf. If the sum collected be considerable, the interest might be sufficient for their requirements, and might be afterwards devoted to some general object such as Macleod, were he in the flesh now, would wish.

D. M.

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HIGHLAND EVICTIONS.—Sir Walter Scott writes—"In too many instances the Highlands have been drained, not of their superfluity of population, but of the whole mass of the inhabitants, dispossessed by a unrelenting avarice, which will be one day found to have been as shortsighted as it is unjust and selfish. Meantime, the Highlands may become the fairy ground for romance and poetry, or the subject of experiment for the professors of speculation, political and economical. But if the hour of need should come—and it may not, perhaps, be far distant—the pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered."

## THE QUEEN AMONG THE COWS.

WHEN Professor Blackie was in Jersey, two years ago, he said in a poem he wrote, that the Jersey cows were "the ladies of the cow creation," and the following verses are supposed to express the feelings of a Highland cow that he had formerly admired, and who was in the huff over being forsaken :—

*Air*—"HO MO MHAIRI LAGHACH."

I am here a-browsing  
 Among mountains high,  
 In a lonely corrie,  
 In the Isle of Skye ;  
 Browsing here in sorrow,  
 For my pride is slain,  
 And the maid that milks me  
 Sings to me in vain—  
 Oh ! my dear MacBlackie,  
 Turn again to me,  
 Come into the Highlands,  
 Aye so dear to thee :  
 See thy bonnie Cowie,  
 'Mong the heathy knowes,  
 And again you'll call her,  
 Queen among the Cows.

I was at a show once,  
 And the ladies fair,  
 Spoke to me so kindly,  
 And they stroked my hair ;  
 And my dear MacBlackie,  
 Said with many vows,  
 That I was the very  
 Pretty Queen of Cows.  
 Oh ! my dear MacBlackie, &c.

He praised the curling fringe  
 Above my hazel eyes,  
 Whispered he was glad  
 That I had got the prize ;  
 And he sang so lightly,  
 With sweet voice, I ween,  
 "O mo Mhàiri lurach  
 'Rugadh tu 's na Glinn."  
 Oh ! my dear MacBlackie, &c.

Now he has gone to Jersey  
 On a summer spree,  
 Whispering to another  
 All he said to me.  
 On the maid that milks me  
 I can only frown,  
 Though she sings "Crodh Chailean,"  
 And the "Aghan Donn."  
 Oh ! my dear MacBlackie, &c.

I am here a-browsing  
 Among mountains high,  
 In a lonely corrie  
 Of the Isle of Skye ;  
 Browsing here in sorrow  
 For my pride is slain ;  
 And my stately beauty  
 'S given me in vain.

Oh ! my dear MacBlackie,  
 Turn again to me,  
 Come into the Highlands,  
 Aye so dear to thee :  
 See thy bonnie Cowie,  
 'Mong the heathy knowes,  
 And again you'll call her,  
 Queen among the Cows.

MARY MACKELLAR.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland, visited Inverness, after taking a part in the proceedings of the British Association, at Aberdeen, on the 18th and 19th of September, and spent an evening in the company of the Cameron poetess, Mrs Mary Mackellar, at the residence of the author of "The History of the Camerons." Sir Charles was very anxious to meet his chief, Lochiel, but found that he had left Inverness the previous evening. The reader would have made the acquaintance of this distinguished scientist in our last issue.

A "SMALL" DRAM.—A worthy old Highlander having delivered a load of wood at the Manse, was offered a "tram." The glass in which it was presented to him was a very small one, in the shape of a thistle. Donald soon emptied it, and, looking admiringly at the delicate workmanship, wondered how "she might pe made whatefer." On its being explained to him that the glass-blower had blown it into the shape, the Highlander quietly said, as he handed back the glass, "Then she'll pe fery short of breath when she made that one." The gentle hint was taken, and Donald supplied with another dram from a larger glass.

## THE MUNROS OF CULCAIRN.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

## II.

GEORGE MUNRO, the first and founder of his family, was succeeded by his eldest son,

JOHN MUNRO, II. of Culcairn, who did, like his father and uncles, not enter the army, but appears to have led a quiet country life at home. In 1751 he established a bleachfield on the spot where the present Culcairn mills stand; and it was the only one then in the County of Ross. For several years after its establishment it succeeded pretty well, but after Culcairn's death it passed through the hands of different managers, and was not so successful. In 1779 William Tait, from the Salton Bleachfield in Haddingtonshire, was appointed manager. He carried on the works with considerable skill and perseverance, and the proprietor, Duncan Munro, III of Culcairn, appreciating his industry, gave him every encouragement, granted him a lease of the bleachfield, and built for him a comfortable house. As a proof of Tait's good management of the bleachfield it is stated that in 1779, there were only 440 pieces of cloth bleached, while in 1790, the number of pieces amounted to 2242. In 1786 the Honourable Board of Trustees, being informed of Mr Tait's industry and success, granted him £50 to enable him to erect a drying house. The bleachfield, soon after Mr Tait's death, rapidly fell back, and ultimately ceased to exist.

John Munro, II. of Culcairn, married Mary, daughter of Alexander Ross of Calrossie, and had by her three sons and one daughter :—

1. George, who adopted his grandfather's profession, and rose to the rank of Captain in the 71st Regiment. He died unmarried in 1776.

2. Thomas, who, like his elder brother, adopted the army as his profession. He was drowned at sea in 1778. He also died unmarried.

3. Duncan, who, being the only surviving son, succeeded his father.

4 Catherine, who married, on the 17th of October 1783, the Rev. Alexander Fraser, A.M., minister of Inverness. Mr Fraser studied at the University of Aberdeen, where he obtained his degree, in 1771. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Inverness on the second of December 1777; and presented by George III. to Inverness Third Charge, and ordained thereto on the 22nd of September 1778. He was translated to the Second Charge on the 3rd of July 1798, and to the First Charge—now the High Established Church—on the 3rd of March 1801. Mr Fraser died on the 20th of May 1821, in the 70th year of his age, and 43rd of his ministry. Conjointly with his colleagues, the Revs. George Watson and Alex. Rose, A.M., he was the author of the *Old Statistical Account of the Parish of Inverness*. By Miss Catherine Munro he had issue, among others:—(1.) Catherine, who married Hugh Denoon, a scion of the Denoons of Cadboll, in Easter Ross, and went with her husband to Pictou. (2.) Anne, who married Dr Donald Macpherson, who was assistant surgeon in the 42nd Regiment "Royal Highlanders," 1st June 1809, and on half pay in the 62nd Foot, 24th July 1835. He died at Chatham on the 25th June 1839, leaving issue, besides two daughters, a son, Andrew John Macpherson, who entered the army, and retired on half pay, as Colonel, on the 27th of December 1868. Colonel Macpherson still survives, and resides in Rochester. (3.) Jane, who died in Inverness in 1841. (4.) Mary, who married Dr Rankin, Inverness, and died in 1873.

III. DUNCAN MUNRO succeeded his father as third of Culcairn. Like his brothers, he entered the army at an early age, and became a Captain-Lieutenant in the 78th Highland Regiment of Ross-shire Buffs, first battalion, on its embodiment on the 8th of March 1793.

The first battalion of this gallant regiment was raised by Francis H. Mackenzie, afterwards Lord Seaforth, and a second battalion in 1794. Both battalions were amalgamated in June 1796. Another second battalion was subsequently raised in 1804, and both battalions amalgamated in 1817. The regiment has ever since remained as a single battalion. After its embodiment it was inspected on 10th July 1793, at Fort-George, by Lieutenant-General Sir Hector Munro of Novar, and pronounced "an excellent body of men, healthy, vigorous, and efficient." In

September 1794, it embarked, with the 80th, to join the British troops in Holland, and early in October landed at Quil. On the 4th of November, the 78th was for the first time under fire at the siege of Nimeguen, where it did so much execution with the bayonet, as to call forth the highest encomiums from experienced and veteran officers. The loss sustained by the regiment in this engagement was Lieutenant Martin Cameron and seven men. Among the wounded was Captain Hugh Munro, IX. of Teaninich. The next action in which the 78th was engaged was the battle of Geldermalsen, which was fought on the 5th of January 1795. The French were completely defeated, and retired in great confusion. In this battle Captain Duncan Munro took a conspicuous part, and behaved with great coolness. He was, however, severely wounded. All the rest of the officers escaped scathless; but of the soldiers there were four killed and seven wounded.

On the 6th of March 1796, the 78th sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, under the command of Lieut.-General Alexander Mackenzie of Belmaduthy, in the Black Isle, and arrived at Simon's Bay on the 10th of May. It landed on the 1st of June, and marched to Capetown, which was taken from the Dutch. On the 4th of November the regiment embarked for India, and arrived at Calcutta on the 10th February 1797. On arriving in India, Captain Duncan Munro was appointed *aide-de-camp* to the well-known Lieut.-General Mackenzie-Fraser of Inverallochy and Castle Fraser, fourth son of Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, by his wife, Martha, eldest daughter of Charles Fraser of Inverallochy, to which property General Alexander succeeded in right of his mother, and assumed the additional name of Fraser. He died in Sept. 1809, from a fever contracted in the Walcheren expedition.

In 1802, Captain Munro retired from the army, and on his arrival home in 1803, he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel Commanding the Wester Ross Regiment of Militia, numbering 810 men.

Colonel Munro married, on the 5th of December 1782, at Inverness, Jean (born at the Manse, Dornoch, in 1754), eldest daughter of the Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of Dornoch (from 1713 to 1758), by his second wife, Jean, daughter of Andrew Ross



of Pitkerrie, in Easter Ross, and sister of George Ross of Cromarty, the "Scotch Agent" referred to in the letters of Junius, and whose heir Mrs Munro eventually became.

By Miss Kirke Colonel Duncan Munro had one son and two daughters:—

1. George Ross, who was born in 1781. He entered the army, and was for some time a Captain in the 85th Regiment of Light Infantry. He accompanied his regiment to Jamaica, where he died in 1821.

2. Catherine, who succeeded her brother.

3. Jean, who died unmarried, at Cromarty House, on the 5th of January 1874, aged 88 years.

Colonel Duncan Munro died in 1820, and was succeeded by his only son,

IV. GEORGE MUNRO, who survived his father for only one year. He was succeeded by his elder sister,

V. CATHERINE ROSS MUNRO, who was born in 1783. She married, on 15th February 1815, Hugh Rose of Glasstullich (she being his second wife), to whom she bore two daughters and one son:—

1. Catherine, who was born in 1820, and married Thomas Knox Holmes, barrister, London, and son of William Holmes, Irish Whip in the House of Commons.

2. Arabella, who was born in 1822, and married, as his third wife, the late Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, to whom she bore no issue. She died in 1847, and was buried at Dingwall.

3. George William Holmes Ross.

Mrs Ross's right to the estates of Cromarty gave rise to tedious legislation before it was decided in her favour by the highest legal tribunals. She died on the 20th of February 1852; and on a marble tablet erected to her memory in the Established Church of Cromarty, is the following inscription:—

"Sacred  
To the Memory of  
CATHERINE,  
Relict of Hugh Rose-Ross, Esq. of Glasstullich  
and Cromarty, and eldest daughter of  
DUNCAN MUNRO, Esq. of Culcairn.  
*Born, March 1783.  
Died, 20th February 1852.*

She inherited  
 The Estate of Cromarty  
 From her Maternal Grand-Uncle,  
 GEORGE ROSS, Esq.  
 of Pitkerie and Cromarty;  
 and  
 In Memory of her Sister,  
 JEAN MUNRO of Culcairn.  
*Died at Cromarty House,  
 5-1-1874. Aged 88."*

Mrs Rose Ross was succeeded by her only son, the late,

VI. GEORGE WILLIAM HOLMES ROSE ROSS of Cromarty. He entered the army as ensign in the 92nd Highlanders on the 21st of April 1846; became Lieutenant on 23rd June 1848; and retired from the service in 1851. On the 3rd of November 1854, he was gazetted Captain of the Highland Rifle Militia Regiment of Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland and Caithness; Major on the 26th of November 1855; and Lieutenant-Colonel, with the honorary rank of Colonel, on the 19th of January 1856.

Colonel Ross was a magistrate for the County of Ross, Deputy-Lieutenant and Convener of the County of Cromarty, Justice of the Peace, &c. As a landlord he was kind and humane, and was most deservedly honoured and highly respected by his tenantry. He took all along a warm and fatherly interest in the welfare of the Burgh of Cromarty and its inhabitants.

Colonel Ross was prohibited by his great-grand-uncle's entail of Cromarty from bearing any other name than Ross; and from carrying any other arms than that of Ross of Balnagown—with the proper mark of cadency—of whom, in the words of the entailer, "I have the honour to be descended."

If it were not for this prohibition, Colonel Ross would have been entitled, according to the laws of Heraldry, to quarter the arms of Munro, having inherited the property of Dalmore, or Obsdale. He, however, in 1878, obtained, by petition from the Lord Lyon, authority to bear the *Crest and Motto* of the Munros with the Ross arms.

The Lord Lyon sets forth that as Colonel Ross is "the Heir of Line of the family of Munro of Foulis, as proved by documentary evidence produced with the said petition, and although precluded by the aforesaid deed of entail from bearing the arms of Munro, is desirous of obtaining our sanction to bear as his crest the crest formerly borne by the Culcairn branch of

the family, viz:—‘an eagle with wings closed proper,’ along with the motto ‘Dread God.’” The deed goes on to say that the “The Lord Lyon grants authority to G. W. H. Ross of Cromarty and his successors to bear in future the aforesaid crest and motto of the Munros.” In submitting his petition to the Lord Lyon, Colonel Ross pointed out that the arms referred only to the *Shield* and not to the *Crest*. The Lord Lyon agreed completely with him, and accordingly granted the prayer of his petition, viz:—The Balnagowan arms thus differenced—a mullet argent and the Lion Rampart and armed agur. He also got the Lord Lyon to put in the forked tails of the lions, as formerly borne by the Rosses of Balnagown.

After the death of Miss Munro, daughter of Sir Hugh Munro of Foulis, Colonel Ross became the lineal representative of the family through his mother, the eldest daughter and heiress of Duncan Munro of Culcairn. The present chief, Sir Charles Munro, is descended from the Newmore and Culrain family, which branched off from the main stock at a much earlier date (1610) than that of Culcairn (1685).

Sir Robert Munro, sixth Baronet of Foulis, was a brother of Duncan Munro, I. of Culcairn. His descendants became extinct on the death of Miss Munro, in 1848, and Colonel Ross as great-great-grandson of George Munro of Culcairn, became the heir of line. Miss Munro left all the unentailed property to George Munro, a natural son of Sir Hugh's, and amongst the rest a small property called Knockrash, immediately behind the village of Evanton. Mr Munro, however, found that his father, Sir Hugh, had never been served heir to this property. As soon as he had ascertained this, he, in the most honourable manner, acquainted Colonel Ross with the same, stating that doubtless the property belonged to the Colonel. Sir Charles Munro, however, opposed Cromarty's claim, and the case was tried before the Court of Session, who decided that Colonel Ross was heir-general and heir-at-law of Sir Harry Munro, Sir Hugh's father, and that as such he was entitled to the property, to which he accordingly succeeded, and sold it for the sum of £2000.

In early life Colonel Ross took a leading part in the politics of the North, and, when quite a young man, contested, in 1852, the combined Counties of Ross and Cromarty in the Conservative interest with the late Sir James Matheson. Cromarty made

a gallant fight, but was defeated, the number of votes being—Matheson, 288; Ross, 218; Liberal majority, 70. The Lews being the property of Sir James, and there being in those days no Ballot Act, every tenant voted for their proprietor, the only vote in the Islands obtained by Colonel Ross being that of the Rev. John Macrae, minister of Stornoway. There was, however, a majority of *one* for Sir James even on the Mainland. Cromarty referred to that on the hustings, after the declaration of the poll, and said that that one was Sir James's own vote. He was, however, corrected by Sir James, who reminded him that he (Cromarty) voted for himself, and to neutralise that vote he (Sir James) recorded his vote in his own favour. Cromarty accepted the correction, but expressed a wish "that the Lews might be speedily attached to the Northern Burghs."

Colonel Ross married on the 20th of April 1849, Adelaide Suty, second daughter of the late Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, by his first wife, Elizabeth Diana Bosville, eldest daughter of Sir Godfrey Macdonald Bosville, third Lord Macdonald, by whom he had three sons and four daughters :—

1. Duncan Munro, his successor.
2. Hugh Rose, who was born on the 31st of May 1854, and in early life entered the service of his Queen and country as a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. On the outbreak of the war with Afghanistan in 1878, Lieutenant Ross volunteered to join any field battery going to the front. He was at once posted to G Battery, 4th Brigade, which formed a part of General Sir Donald Stewart's army. He was attacked by dysentery at Quettah, and did not report his illness, but marched with his battery, doing his duty to the last. When the forces reached Pishin Valley his illness increased to such an extent that he was unable to proceed farther. Here, in camp, he died unmarried on the 12th of January 1879, a bright example of that soldier-like zeal and devotion to duty, so characteristic of the ancient and honourable family of Culcairn and Cromarty.
3. Walter Charteris, who was born on the 5th of August 1857. Like his brother he also adopted the army as his profession, and is at present a Lieutenant in the Haddington Artillery Militia, or old 68th Light Infantry. He is still unmarried.
4. Catherine Elizabeth Julia, who married in 1874, Francis Mauld Reid, captain in the Highland Light Infantry, without issue.

5. Louise Jane Hamilton, who married at Inverness, on the 1st of October 1875, Sir Ronald Archibald Bosville, sixth Lord Macdonald of Sleat (born on the 9th of June 1853), her cousin, with issue :—(1.) Somerled Godfrey James, born on the 31st of July 1876. (2.) Godfrey Evan Hugh, born on the of 187. (3.) Archibald Ronald Armadale, born on the 20th of May 1880.

6. Ida Eleanora Constance, who married on the 15th of June 1881, Godfrey Ernest Percival Willoughby, second son of the late Lord Middleton, and brother and heir-presumptive of the present Lord Middleton. He was born in 1847; entered the army, and was a captain in the 9th Lancers. Captain Willoughby sold out in the beginning of 1878. No issue.

7. Matilda Elizabeth, who died in infancy.

Mrs Colonel Ross died in Jersey on the 3rd of March 1860, aged 30 years. Her remains were brought to Scotland, and interred in the family burying-ground at Cromarty.

Colonel Ross died at Cromarty House on the 19th of November 1883. The following battalion order, in connection with the event, was issued by the officer commanding the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, which regiment Colonel Ross so long commanded :—

“Dingwall, N.B., 30th Nov. 1883.

“Lieutenant-Colonel Macleay has learnt with deep sorrow of the death of Colonel George William Holmes Ross of Cromarty, late Colonel Commanding the Highland Rifle Militia (now 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders) at Cromarty House, on the 19th inst.

“Colonel Ross joined the battalion in 1854, having previously served in the 92nd Highlanders, and succeeded to the command in 1856, and continued to command until 1882, when he was compelled through ill-health to resign.

“To his untiring energy and deep attachment to the regiment is due in a great measure the present high state of efficiency of the battalion.

“In his death the battalion has to deplore the loss of an old and sincere friend, and her Majesty and the Militia Service generally a most zealous and competent officer.

“As a mark of respect to his memory, officers of the battalion, when in uniform, will wear mourning for one month from the date of this order.

By order.

(Signed)

“C. ROBERTS, Captain Adjutant,  
3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders.”

Colonel Ross was succeeded by his eldest son,

VII. DUNCAN MUNRO, present laird of Cromarty, who was born on the 29th of September 1851, and at an early age entered the Royal Navy, from which he retired on attaining the rank of Lieutenant. He is still unmarried.

## THE CONFLICTS OF THE CLANS.

## THE CONFLICT OF DRUIMNACOUR.

THE year of God 1427, Thomas Mackay (otherwise Macneil), possessor of the lands of Creich, Spanzedell, and Polrossie, in Sutherland, had conceived some displeasure against the laird of Freswick, called Mowat, whom Thomas Macneil did eagerly pursue, and killed him near the town of Tain, in Ross, within the Chapel of St Duffus, and burnt also that chapel unto which this Mowat had retired himself as to a sanctuary. The King hearing of this cruel fact, he causes to proclaim and denounce Thomas Macneil rebel, and promised his land to any that would apprehend him. Angus Murray (the son of Alexander Murray of Cubin, above-mentioned), understanding the King's proclamation, had secret conference with Morgan and Neil Mackay, brethren to this Thomas. Angus offered unto them, if they would assist him to apprehend their brother, that he would give them his own two daughters in marriage, and also assist them to get the peaceable possession of Strathnaver, which they did claim as due to them, and (as he thought) they might then easily obtain the same, with little or no resistance at all, seeing that Neil Wasse Mackay (the son of Angus Dow) lay prisoner in the Bass, and Angus Dow himself was unable (by reason of the weakness of his body at that time) to withstand them. Morgan Mackay and Neil Mackay do condescend and yield to the bargain; and presently, thereupon, they did apprehend their brother, Thomas, at Spanzedell, in Sutherland, and delivered him to Angus Murray, who presented him to the King, at whose command Thomas Macneil was executed at Inverness; and the lands of Polrossie and Spanzedell, which he did possess, were given to Angus Murray for this service; which lands his successors do possess unto this day. Angus Murray, for performance of his promise made to Neil and Morgan Mackay, gave them his two daughters in marriage. Then Angus deals with Robert, Earl of Sutherland, that he might have his attollance to convene some men in Sutherland, therewith to accompany his two sons-in-law to obtain the possession of Strathnaver. Earl Robert

grants him his demand; so Angus having gathered a company of resolute men, he went with these two brethren to invade Strathnaver. Angus Dow Mackay hearing of their approach, convened his countrymen, and, because he was unable himself in person to resist them, he made his bastard son (John Aberigh) leader of his men. They encountered at Druimnacoub, two miles from Tongue—Mackay's chief dwelling-place. There ensued a cruel and sharp conflict, valiantly fought a long time, with great slaughter, so that, in the end, there remained but few alive of either side. Neil Mackay, Morgan Mackay, and their father-in-law (Angus Murray), were there slain. John Aberigh, having lost all his men, was left for dead on the field, and was afterwards recovered; yet he was mutilated all the rest of his days. Angus Dow Mackay, being brought thither to view the place of the conflict, and searching for the dead corpses of his cousins, Morgan and Neil, was there killed with a shot of an arrow, by a Sutherland man, that was lurking in a bush hard by, after his fellows had been slain. This John Aberigh was afterwards so hardly pursued by the Earl of Sutherland, that he was constrained, for safety of his life, to flee into the Isles.

The Scottish historians, in describing this conflict, do mistake the place, the persons, and the fact; and do quite change the whole state of the history. For the person—Angus Dow Mackay of Strathnaver is, by some of them called Angus Duff, and by others, Angus Duff of Strathern. For the place—they make Angus Duff of Strathern to come from Strathern (some say from Strathnaver), to Moray and Caithness, as if these shires did join together. For the fact—they would have Angus Duff to come for a prey of goods out of Caithness and Moray, which two shires do not march together, having a great arm of the sea interjected betwixt them, called the Moray Firth, and having Ross and Sutherland betwixt them by land. But the truth of this conflict and the occasion thereof I have here set down.

#### THE CONFLICT OF RUAIG-SHANSARD.

The year of God 1437, Neil Wasse Mackay, after his release out of the Bass, entered Caithness with all hostility, and spoiled all that country. He skirmished with some of the inhabitants of that province at a place called Sanset, where he overthrew them, with slaughter on either side. This conflict was called Ruaig-



hanset, that is, the Chase at Sanset. Shortly thereafter Neil Wasse died.

#### THE CONFLICT OF BLAR-TANNIE.

About the year of God 1438, there fell some variance betwixt the Keiths and some others of the inhabitants of Caithness. The Keiths, mistrusting their own forces, sent to Angus Mackay of Strathnaver (the son of Neil Wasse), entreating him to come to their aid, whereunto he easily yielded; so Angus Mackay, accompanied with John Mor MacIan-Riabhaich, went into Caithness with a band of men, and invaded that country. Then did the inhabitants of Caithness assemble in all haste, and met the Strathnaver men and the Keiths at a place in Caithness called Blair-tannie. There ensued a cruel fight, with slaughter on either side. In the end the Keiths had the victory, by the means chiefly of John Mor MacIan-Riabhaich (an Assynt man), who was very famous in these countries for his manhood shown at this conflict. Two chieftains and leaders of the inhabitants of Caithness were slain, with divers others. This Angus Mackay, here mentioned, was afterwards burnt and killed in the Church of Tarbat, by a man of the surname of Ross, whom he had often molested with incursions and invasions.

#### THE CONFLICT OF BLAR-NA-PAIRC.

After the Lord of the Isles had resigned the Earldom of Ross into the King's hands, the year of God 1477, that province was continually vexed and molested with incursions of the Islanders. Gillespick (cousin to Macdonald), gathering a company of men, invaded the height of that country with great hostility; which, the inhabitants perceiving (and especially the Clan Mackenzie), they assembled speedily together, and met the Islanders beside the river of Conon, about two miles from Brayle, where there ensued a sharp and cruel skirmish. The Clan Mackenzie fought so hardly, and pressed the enemy so, that in the end Gillespick Macdonald was overthrown and chased, the most part of his men being either slain or drowned in the river of Conon; and this was called Blar-na-Pairc.

#### THE CONFLICTS OF SKIBO AND STRATHFLEET.

About the same time, Macdonald of the Isles, accompanied with some of his kinsmen and followers, to the number of five or

six hundred, came into Sutherland, and encamped hard by the Castle of Skibo, whereupon Neil Murray (son or grandchild to Angus Murray, slain at Druimnacoub) was sent by John, Earl of Sutherland, to resist them, in case they did offer any harm unto the inhabitants. Neil Murray, perceiving them going about to spoil the country, invaded them hard by Skibo, and killed one of their chieftains, called Donald Dow, with fifty others. Macdonald, with the rest of his company, escaped by flight, and so retired into their own country.

Shortly thereafter another company of Macdonald's kin and friends came to Strathfleet in Sutherland, and spoiled that part of the country, thinking thereby to repair the loss they had before received; but, Robert Sutherland (John, Earl of Sutherland's brother), assembled some men in all haste, and encountered with them upon the sands of Strathfleet. After a sharp and cruel skirmish, Macdonald's men were overthrown, and divers of them killed.

THE CROWNER SLAIN BY THE KEITHS IN THE CHAPEL  
OF ST TAYRE.

About the year of God 1478, there was some dissention in Caithness betwixt the Keiths and the Clan Gunn. A meeting was appointed for their reconciliation, at the Chapel of St Tayre, in Caithness, hard by Girnigo, with twelve horse on either side. The Crowner (chieftain of the Clan Gunn) with the most part of his sons and chief kinsmen came to the chapel, to the number of twelve; and, as they were within the chapel at their prayers, the Laird of Inverugie and Ackergill arrived there with twelve horse, and two men upon every horse; thinking it no breach of trust to come with twenty-four men, seeing they had but twelve horses as was appointed. So the twenty-four gentlemen rushed in at the door of the chapel, and invaded the Crowner and his company unawares; who, nevertheless, made great resistance. In the end the Clan Gunn were all slain, with the most of the Keiths. Their blood may be seen at this day upon the walls within the Chapel of St Tayre, where they were slain. Afterwards William Mackames (the Crowner's grandchild) in revenge of his grandfather, killed George Keith of Ackergill and his son, with ten of their men, at Drummie in Sutherland, as they were travelling from Inverugie into Caithness.

## THE CONFLICT OF ALDICHARRISH.

The year of God 1487, this conflict was fought ; upon this occasion Angus Mackay being slain at Tarbat by the surname of Ross, as I have shown already, John Riabhach Mackay (the son of this Angus), came to the Earl of Sutherland, upon whom he then depended, and desired his aid to revenge his father's death, whereunto the Earl of Sutherland yields, and sent his uncle, Robert Sutherland, with a company of men, to assist him. Thereupon, Robert Sutherland and John Riabhach Mackay did invade Strathoyckel and Strathcarron with fire and sword ; burnt, spoiled, and laid waste divers lands appertaining to the Rosses. The Laird of Balnagown (then chief of the Rosses in that shire) learning of his invasion, gathered all the forces of Ross and met Robert Sutherland and John Riabhach at a place called Aldicharrish. There ensued a cruel and furious combat, which continued a long time, with incredible obstinacy ; much blood was shed on either side. In the end, the inhabitants of Ross being unable to endure or resist the enemies' forces were utterly disbanded and put to flight. Alexander Ross, Laird of Balnagown, was slain with seventeen other landed gentlemen of the province of Ross, besides a great number of common soldiers. The manuscript of Fearn (by and attour Balnagown) names these following among those that were slain. Mr William Ross, Angus Macculloch of Terrell, John Waus, William Waus, John Mitchell, Thomas Waus, Houcheon Waus.

## THE SKIRMISH OF DAIL-RIABHACH.

The year of God 1576, Y Roy Mackay of Strathnaver dying, there arose civil dissension in Strathnaver betwixt John Mackay (the son of Y Roy) and Neil Nawerigh (the said Y Roy's brother). John Mackay excludes his uncle Neil (who was thought to be the righteous heir), and took possession of Strathnaver. Neil, again, alleging that his nephews John and Donald were bastards, doth claim these lands, and makes his refuge of John Earl of Caithness, of whom he did obtain a company of men, who were sent with Neil's four sons to invade Strathnaver. They take the possession of the country from John Mackay, who being unable to resist their forces, retires to the Clan Chattan to seek their support, and leaves his brother Donald Mackay to defend the country as he might. Donald, in his brother John's

absence, surprised his cousin-german under silence of the night at Dail-Riabhach, and killed two of his cousins (the sons of Neil Nawerigh) with the most part of their company. Thereafter, Neil Nawerigh came and willingly surrendered himself to his nephews John and Donald, who caused apprehend their uncle Neil, and beheaded him at a place called Clash-nan-ceap in Strathnaver.

## THE CONFLICT OF TORRAN DUBH.

Adam Gordon, first of that surname, Earl of Sutherland having married Elizabeth Sutherland, heiress of that country, took journey to Edinburgh, the year of God 1517, to dispatch some affairs there, which did concern the settling of his estate, leaving the commandment of the country, in his absence, to Alexander Sutherland (base brother to his wife Elizabeth) and to John Murray of Abirscors; which John Mackay of Strathnaver, understanding (having now appeased his civil discords at home, by the death of his uncle Neil) this occasion, in the very change of surnames in Sutherland, to try if he could gain anything by spoiling that country; and thereupon assembling together all the forces of Strathnaver, Assynt, and Eddrachillis, with all such as he could purchase out of the west and north-west isles of Scotland, invades the country of Sutherland with all hostility, burning and spoiling all before him. The inhabitants of Sutherland do speedily convene together with all the parts of the country; and so, under the conduct of Alexander Sutherland, John Murray, and William Mackames, they rencounter with John Mackay and his company at a place called Torran Dubh, beside Rogart, in Strathfleet, where there ensued a fierce and cruel conflict. The Sutherland men chased John Mackay's vanguard, and made them retire to himself where he stood in battle array; then did he select and chose a number of the ablest men in all his host, and, with these, he himself returned again to the conflict, leaving his brother Donald to conduct the rest, and to support him as necessity should require; whereupon they do begin a more cruel fight than before, well fought on either side. In end, after long resistance, the Sutherland men obtained the victory; few of these that came to renew the fight escaped, but only John Mackay himself, and that very hardly. Neil MacIan MacAngus of Assynt was there slain, with divers of his men. There were 216 of the Strathnaver men

left dead in the field, besides those that died in the chase. There were slain of Sutherland men 38. Not long thereafter John Mackay sent William and Donald, two brethren, with a company of men, to invade John Murray, with whom they met at a place called Loch-Sallachie, in Sutherland. After a sharp skirmish, both the chieftains of the Strathnaver men were slain, with divers of their men, and the rest put to flight; neither was the victory pleasing to John Murray, for he lost there his brother, called John Roy-Murray. Thus continued the inhabitants of these countries infesting one another with continued spoils, until the year of God 1522, that Alexander Gordon (Earl Adam's eldest son) overthrew John Mackay at Lairg, and forced him to submit himself to Earl Adam; unto whom John Mackay gave his band of manrent and service, dated the year of God 1522.

#### THE CONFLICT OF ALLTAN-BEATH.

Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, having succeeded his brother, John, taketh the occasion upon the death of Adam, Earl of Sutherland (who left his grandchild, John, young to succeed him) to molest and invade the inhabitants of Sutherland. He came, the year of God 1542, with a company of men to the village of Knockartoll, burnt the same, and took a great prey of goods out of Strathbrora. Sir Hugh Kennedy of Griffen Mains dwelt then in Sutherland, having married John, Earl of Sutherland's mother, after the death of his father, Alexander, Master of Sutherland. Sir Hugh Kennedy being advertised of Mackay's coming into Sutherland, he advises with Hutcheon Murray of Abirscors, and with Gilbert Gordon of Garty, what was best to be done. They resolve to fight the enemy; and so having gathered a company of men, they overtook Mackay, unawares, beside a place called Alltan-Beath, where they invaded him suddenly; having passed his spies unseen. After a little skirmish the Strathnaver men fled, the booty was rescued, and John MacIan-MacAngus, one of their chieftains, was slain, with divers of the Strathnaver men. Donald Mackay, nevertheless, played the part of a good soldier; for in his flight he killed, with his own hand, one William Sutherland, who most eagerly pursued him in the chase. The inhabitants of Sutherland and Strathnaver (in regard of Earl John's minority) did this continually vex one another, until this Donald Mackay was apprehended and im-

prisoned in the Castle of Fowlis, in Ross, by commandment of the Queen Regent and the Governor, where he continued a good while in captivity.

## THE CONFLICT OF GARBHARRY.

The Queen Regent having gotten the Government of Scotland from the Earl of Arran, she made her progress into the North, and so to Inverness, the year of God 1555. Then was Y Mackay (the son of Donald) summoned to compear before the Queen at Inverness, for that he had spoiled and molested the country of Sutherland during Earl John's being in France with the Queen Regent. Mackay refused to compear, whereupon there was a commission granted to John, Earl of Sutherland, against him. Earl John invaded Strathnaver in all hostile manner, and besieged the Castle of Borge, the principal fort of that country, which he took by force, and caused hang the Captain, then demolished the fort. In end, he beset Y Mackay so, on all sides, that he forced him to render himself, and then was delivered by Earl John to Sir Hugh Kennedy, by whom he was conveyed South and committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he remained a long space. Whilst Y Mackay staid in captivity, his cousin-german, John Mor Mackay, took upon him the government of Strathnaver. This John Mor taking the occasion of Earl John's absence in the south of Scotland, he invaded Sutherland with a company of the most resolute men in Strathnaver; they burnt the chapel of St Ninian's in Navidell, where the inhabitants of the country, upon this sudden tumult, had conveyed some of their goods; so, having spoiled that part of the country, they retire homeward. The inhabitants of Sutherland assembled together, and followed in all haste under the conduct of MacJames, the Terrell of the Doil, and James MacWilliam. They overtook the Strathnaver men at the foot of the hill called Beinn-mhor, in Berriedale, and invaded them beside the water of Garbharry, where then ensued a cruel conflict, fought with great obstinacy. The Strathnaver men were overthrown and chased; above 120 of them were slain, and some drowned in Garbharry. This is the last conflict that hath been fought betwixt Sutherland and Strathnaver.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE CUMMINGS OF ACHDALEW.

ACHDALEW is one of the loveliest spots on Lochielside. The sun shines upon it all day from its wearing its morning crown on Ben-Nevis until it showers its evening glory on the towering Sgurs of the west. The old house stood on the golden green terrace on which Lochiel is now building his fine, new shooting-lodge. The slopes beneath it are very fertile, and it is beautifully wooded. The low heath-clad hill that stands behind it is called the Leth-bheinn, or half mountain, and two small rivers of pure sweet water run through it and fall into Lochiel.

Achdalew is not only beautiful, it is historic; for on its plains—close to the sea-shore—was fought, in 1654, that battle between Cromwell's men and Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, made famous by the latter's tearing the throat out of an Englishman with his teeth, and on that day and during the fighting of that battle the first Cumming of Achdalew appeared on the scene.

King Charles was then an exile in France, waiting anxiously for an opportunity to return to his kingdom and to the throne of his ancestors, and anxious to know what the Highlanders would do in case of his making an attempt to regain his own, he determined secretly to visit some of the chiefs. He sailed in a small ship, with a few confidential friends, and paid the first visit to one of the Macleods in Skye, and confided his mission to him. Macleod pretended to be very favourable to him, and saying that he would send a letter to one of his friends asking him to come and hold a consultation with them, he meantime offered the hospitality of his house to the king. Macleod sent a young man of the name of Cumming to one of the chieftains of the Clan Mackenzie with a letter, saying that the king was in his power, and that if he joined him immediately they would make him prisoner. Cumming proceeded immediately by boat to the mainland, and delivered the letter, and Mackenzie was greatly alarmed. His vacillation in former times had given Macleod the impression that he would readily join him in his treacherous design, but Mackenzie was then in a loyal mood, and he deter-



mined to save his sovereign. He confided the whole matter to Cumming, and won him to act with him in preserving the king's person from danger. He gave him one letter to give to Macleod saying he would proceed to his house on the following day ; and he gave him another letter that he was to get conveyed privately to the king to warn him of his danger ; and he gave him a third letter, addressed to Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, to whom he was to flee for protection as soon as he got the letter delivered to the king, as his life would be in danger if Macleod suspected what had been done. Cumming returned to Skye, and found great difficulty in getting the letter given to the king, as Macleod was continually in his company ; but he managed in some way to catch the king's eye whilst talking to his master. He then dropped the letter behind him in a bush, and from there the king picked it up. The king sailed back to France before morning, and Cumming fled to Lochaber. He arrived at Achdalew just as the battle was being fought, and he gave the letter to Sir Ewen, who had not time then to read it, but he gave the young man an axe and told him to fight bravely, and that he would be well rewarded. Cumming took the axe, and rushing to the fight, made good use of it. He slew a great number of Englishmen, and wounded many more ; and in his gratitude, and also because of what he had done for the king, Sir Ewen gave him and his children Achdalew at a nominal rent, and there they remained for many generations. The last of this family born at Achdalew was Captain Cumming, late of Grishornish, Skye, and who died at Fort-William about twenty years ago, and the only one of the race now in Lochaber is his grand-daughter, Miss Cameron, matron of the Belford Hospital, Fort-William. The axe with which Cumming had fought so bravely, and which was placed in his hands by Sir Ewen, was long in the family ; indeed it only passed out of their keeping at the death of the late Captain Cumming, and it is now in the hands of Professor Taylor, of the Edinburgh University, who is a true-hearted descendant of the great Cameron warrior, " *Taillear dubh na Tuaighe*," " The black tailor of the battle-axe." It is not like the ordinary Lochaber axe. It is a deadly looking weapon with a short handle and a rope attached to it, such as the chiefs and chieftains used in battle. With the rope fixed firmly in their hand they slung the

axe far forward to meet the advancing foe. The Cummings were always on very intimate terms with the Cameron chieftains, and they were on terms of confidential friendship with their nearest neighbours of Fassifern. When John Cameron of Fassifern, commonly known as "Iain, Mac an Tighearna," "John, son of the Chief," was apprehended in 1754 for forging a false claim upon the forfeited estate of Lochiel, it was to Cumming of Achdalew he sent a private message to hide a certain box, immediately, before the emissaries of the Government would have time to search Fassifern House. Cumming scarcely had the box out into the woods when the searchers arrived, and so they did not find the sought-for papers. Long afterwards, when Colonel John's body was brought home from Quatre Bras, his stepmother being deformed and delicate, it was Mrs Cumming of Achdalew that superintended the great funeral feast of which such numbers gathered to partake. Where could such a number of Camerons with their friends and relations be gathered in Lochaber to-day? The Cummings are gone from Achdalew; the places that knew our chieftains know them no more. The horns of stranger huntsmen are heard on our hills. Lochiel, that streak of silver, gleams in the sunlight as of old, and the eternal hills raise their heads to heaven unchanged. The heather blooms in beauty as it did ages ago, and the offspring of the same bird that gladdened the woods centuries ago sing the same songs there now, and build their nests in the same old haunts, but the children of our people, where are they? Verily our land may, like Rachel, raise her voice in lamentation for her children, refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

MARY MACKELLAR.

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THIS NUMBER COMPLETES OUR TENTH ANNUAL VOLUME, and perhaps the best practical proof that we can give of the high estimation in which the *Celtic Magazine* is held, is the fact that a set of the first nine volumes was sold, a few days ago, as high as £4. 15s. Hitherto we had it printed by contract; but the next number, the first of Vol. XI., will be printed by ourselves, at the *Scottish Highlander* Office, on a new fount of type, specially cast for the purpose. No effort will be spared to maintain the character which the *Magazine* has already secured, and, if possible, to improve it further and extend its influence.

*'TWIXT BEN-NEVIS AND GLENCOE: The Natural History, Legends, and Folk-Lore of the West Highlands.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER STEWART, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot., Author of "Nether-Lochaber."

THE introduction to this, the second volume of what may be called the Nether-Lochaber Papers, is prefaced by a very apt quotation from the Introductory Epistle to the *Fortunes of Nigel*. "Grant that I should write with sense and spirit a few scenes, unlaboured and loosely put together, but which had sufficient interest in them" to minister to the mental wants of different sorts of people. Had the author's profession been different, he might have appropriately begun his quotation a sentence earlier with the remark of Captain Clutterbuck, which called forth from the Author of *Waverley* the passage quoted. For there is nothing like a plot in the present volume, nor, so far as can be judged from a book which contains hardly a date from beginning to end, is the sequence of time even observed. The want of a plot was inevitable. A work which treated of subjects varying from astronomy to the management of refractory pigs hardly admitted of one. The want of dates, however, in a work containing a considerable amount of most interesting meteorological information considerably detracts from the value of the book. One chapter for instance (37) begins, "Not for upwards of a quarter of a century has there been a winter of equal severity in the West Highlands," the frost being so intense that the wild birds had suffered terribly, hundreds having died of cold and hunger, and the survivors being in such a sorry plight that they were heedless of "prowling cat or circling hawk." The chapter soon arouses the reader's curiosity, and before he has read half through it he wants to know the year, but it is nowhere to be found. A few chapters further on he finds a dated letter quoted, but if he has read the book honestly through thus far he has learned that the chapters follow each other like unconformable strata in geology—there being between each an unrepresented lapse of time.

We have read the book carefully through and enjoyed it, and that, too, although it was the second time of reading. Whether the author has himself read the book, we should say,

from internal evidence, is doubtful. It would seem as if he had handed the printer a pile of newspaper cuttings big enough to make a book, told him to print them, and left him there. Else how is it that at one place (p. 142) we are told of a Stormy Petrel seen by the author at Corran Ferry on a certain *Tuesday* morning, and again (p. 303) that this occurred "on a *Sunday* morning many years ago;" or again, that we have at p. 192 a passage from Dame Juliana Berners' *Boke of Hawkyng and Hunting*, quoted thus—

"The best dog that ever bitch had,  
At eight years is full badde,"

While at p. 344 the same work is named as the authority for the couplet—

"The beste dogge that ever bitche hadde,  
At nyne yeres is full badde."

The passage meant to be quoted on both occasions was evidently the same. Each time it was used in a newspaper article, but there was an interval of nine years—the full life of a dog according to Dame Juliana Berners—between the two articles. The first was written when the author was in high spirits expatiating on the rare intelligence of the constant companion of his rambles, his collie "Lassie," then ten years of age, and the passage from Dame Juliana was quoted from memory. But the second article was written, nine years after, over poor "Lassie's" grave—" 'Lassie,' the truest, best, and wisest dog that ever erected an intelligent ear to the shout or whistle of him whose slightest behest it was her pride and pleasure willingly, and with all her heart, instantly to obey." On such an occasion, need it be wondered at, that "Lassie's" master went to Dame Juliana's pages for consolation, and consequently quoted her accurately.

But we are done with fault-finding, even of this mild kind. The book is a valuable one and pleasant to read—valuable not merely as a contribution to the natural history of the West Highlands, but also, and, perhaps, chiefly, because it collects and puts in permanent form a portion of that folk-lore which in a few years it may be impossible to collect. But the natural history sketches have an interest all their own, an interest which only "Nether-Lochaber" seems to be able to impart. Here is a curious story of a mackerel and an owl—A fish was one day noticed

coming now and again to the surface of the water as if something was wrong with it. It was captured.

"Some time after the capture of the fish, a something was seen floating past with the ebbing tide, very much at the same distance from the shore as was the mackerel when first seen. This latter waif, on being intercepted and landed, proved to be a dead owl—a specimen of the barn owl—the *Strix flammea* of ornithologists. On being made aware of all this, we knew at once what had happened. The owl is very fond of fish, even when mice and small birds, its ordinary food, are plentiful. It often dips into a lake or stream, and seizes such small fish as, swimming for the moment near the surface, it can reach with its sharp talons. The mackerel in this case was pounced upon by the owl, but the fish was too heavy and too powerful to be taken up and sailed away with in the usual manner. The fish, however, probably struck about the head and gills, was badly hurt and stupefied, so as to be captured in the way stated, while the owl, with its claws for a time inserted in its prey so firmly as not to be immediately extracted, was dragged about and drowned."

Dr Stewart becomes scientific in presence of a *dead* bird, and so he coolly speculates on the cause of the owl's death. In presence of the living bird science is half-forgotten, and it is intense love of bird-life which seems to inspire each written line. The year 1882 was remarkable for the frequency of albinism among birds: "When these beautiful birds were first noticed, we caused it to be made known as widely as possible that anybody caught shooting or attempting to shoot them, should be held guilty of a mean and cowardly act, which we should be quite prepared to resent by gibbetting the culprit to the execration of all bird lovers." A kestrel carrying a partridge is shot by a gamekeeper: "We endeavoured to persuade the keeper that it was wrong to shoot the kestrel, who, in killing the partridge poult was only acting according to his instincts, and who in supplying his young with food was engaged in the discharge of a high and holy duty incumbent on all of us." Here is a pretty story of a captive song-thrush and its mate. A boy captured a female song-thrush in the woods, and confined it in a basket, which he hung on a nail near the open window. The capture was made in the morning, and in the afternoon, the author, at the request of the boy's mother, went to persuade the boy to liberate the little captive—

"When we had sufficiently examined the bird, the mother drew our attention to the fact that there was at that moment another bird very like it perched on an elder-tree branch right opposite the house, about eight or ten yards away. 'Yes!' eagerly exclaimed the boy, a very intelligent little fellow, 'and it followed me home all the way from the wood.' Glancing in the direction indicated, and seeing the bird, we understood the thing at once. It was the captive's mate, the cock song-thrush, that,

when he could do nothing else for her, had faithfully followed his partner to the scene of her captivity, and there he sat with speckled breast touching the branch on which he perched, disconsolate and sad, chirping querulously in little broken notes, that said as plainly as plain could be, that, cruelly deprived of the partner of his love, May, even with its sunshine, its verdure, and its flowers, had no more joys for him. Taking the basket in our hand, we took it outside, and hung it against the eave of the cottage, and retiring with the boy and his mother to a little distance, we stood quietly watching for what might happen. After a little while the captive, revived and emboldened by finding herself in the open air, ventured, in a scarcely audible whisper, to respond to her mate's chirping—it was the first time she had done so since her capture—and his joy was unbounded. First springing to the topmost spray of the elder tree, he trilled out two or three rapid notes of his usual song, and then, descending in a graceful curve, he alighted on the basket lid, through a hole in which the head and neck of the captive were now thrust forth. It was now that a most touching scene took place. After billing and cooing with the captive for a time in the most affectionate manner, preening and stroking her head and neck with his bill, all the while fluttering his wings and uttering a low, and to us scarcely audible, undersong or *crònan*, clearly of encouragement to the captive, and an assurance of his unalterable love, and, as such, understood by her, you may be sure; after indulging for a little while in these demonstrations of affectionate solicitude, the cock bird suddenly assumed a totally different attitude. Gathering up his drooping wings, and assuming his compactest and erectest position, he began vigorously to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole on the basket-lid, endeavouring with all his ingenuity and strength to enlarge it, so as to facilitate the captive's escape! And if he had only been allowed plenty of time, we do not know but he might have succeeded, for the throstle cock is a strong bird, and with his horny, compressed bill he can both strike hard and home, and pull with a force and strength of purchase astonishing in a bird of his size. It was a most touching and beautiful sight, and even the boy was so impressed with it that he at once agreed to the liberation of the prisoner that he had vowed and determined only a few minutes before to have and to hold as his pet while it lived."

Of the folk-lore and superstition of the West Highlands the book contains many examples. Of the latter the author says "there is much in the popular superstition of the Highlands, even when it deals with the supernatural, that is perfectly harmless, and a great deal that is very beautiful and suggestive to the unprejudiced and thoughtful investigator; but its absurdities are endless," and he proceeds to tell of a prosperous acquaintance whose wonderful success an old woman told him was attributable to the possession of a water-horse bridle, *Srian Eich-Uisge*. The old lady proceeded to tell a marvellous story of the finding of the bridle by a drover travelling through the Moor of Rannoch by moonlight, who, as he sat on a stone by the side of *Lochan na Cuile*, eating his frugal supper of bread and cheese, "saw something glittering in the moonlight, which, on taking it up, he found to be a horse bridle." Next morning he found the buckles



and bit were of pure silver, still so hot from recent contact with subterranean fire as to be unbearable. A "wise woman" declared it to be a water-horse bridle, and directed it "to be hung up on a *cromag*, or crook, made of the rowan tree, which, while permitting free escape for all its beneficial influences, would yet effectually check the radiation of any evil that might be inherent in it. This was done, and from that day forward Domhnall Mòr was fortunate and successful in all his undertakings. At his death, having no family of his own, he bequeathed the magic bridle to his grand-nephew, the present owner, and this man has been prosperous just because of the possession of a water-horse 'bridle of luck.'" But even the author seems impressed by the faith of another old woman, who had not heard from her absent daughter for two years, and who was satisfied that good news—the only good news she desired—was at hand, because that morning "a bird, a pretty little bird—a Cailleachag-Ceann-Dubh—came into the kitchen by the open door, and perched on the cupboard shelf," and the triumphant "Nach d'thubhairt mi ribh" of the old woman when the same evening the minister called and found that a letter in every way satisfactory had arrived from the long-silent daughter.

We shall conclude our extracts with the following from Chapter II., which is devoted to an account of the Brae-Lochaber Bard, "Ian Lom" :—

"Through the munificence and patriotism of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P., a monument, no less substantial and enduring than beautiful and every way appropriate, has been erected over the grave of the celebrated Gaelic bard 'Ian Lom,' on *Dun Aingeal* in *Kill Choirreal* of Brae-Lochaber. As a poet and satirist of a very high order, and as a steady and consistent Loyalist, in days when Loyalism was accounted a crime, 'Ian Lom,' whose proper name was John Macdonald, is from a certain point of view just as deserving of a monument as John Bunyan. Both were in extremes—the Puritan allegorist of England, and the uncompromising Catholic of Brae-Lochaber—but both were in the main honest men and true from their widely different standpoints, and equally deserve the tribute of our respect and regard in the always appropriate and fitting form of monumental commemoration.

"The monument is ten feet in height, and placed upright, like the ancient stones of Scotland, of which, in style and outline, it is intentionally an imitation. The face is richly ornamented in relief. At the foot is a raised plate, with the following inscription in Gaelic :—

'An so 'n Dun-Aingeal a'm Braigh-Lochabar,  
Tha Bàrd na Ceapaich gu trom na chadal;  
'Se Ian Lom Mac Dhomhnuill b'ainm dha,  
Ian Lom ! ach theireadh cuid Ian Manntach.'

The English of the lines is—



'Here in Dun-Aingeal, in the Braes of Lochaber,  
The Bard of Keppoch is very sound asleep :  
His name was John Mac Donald, John the Bare—  
John the *Bare* and *Biting!* but by some called John the Stammerer.'

"Of the personal life and history of 'Ian Lom' very little is known for certain. He was of the family of *Mac-ic-Raonuill*, or Macdonalds of Keppoch, and, living through the greater part of the reigns of Charles I. and II., died unmarried, a very old man, in the autumn of 1709. He was a man of considerable education, which we have heard accounted for by one likely to be well informed on such a matter, by the assertion that he had been for some years in training for the priesthood at the College of Valladolid, in Spain, when some unpardonable indiscretion caused his expulsion from that seminary, and his return to Scotland as a gentleman at large—a sort of hybrid nondescript, half clerical and half lay. His poetical powers are of a very high order, and he was unquestionably a man of very superior talents. He first became known beyond the borders of his native Lochaber by the active part he took in the punishment of the murderers of the heir of Keppoch."

"Of 'Ian Lom's' poetry it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Rough, and rugged, and rude almost always, it yet hits the mark arrived at so unmistakably that you cannot but applaud. The fact that his songs may be still heard from the lips of unlettered shepherds on the hillside of a summer morning, as well as from the more red and ripe and musical lips of the 'lassie' at the washing-tub by the burn side in the summer evening, go where you may, from the extreme west to east or north, where Gaelic is spoken, is perhaps the best proof of the merits of poems which it is utterly impossible to make a non-Gaelic speaking reader understand, far less appreciate. His *Battle of Inverlochy*, of which he was a delighted spectator, and his *Murder of Keppoch*, every Highlander knows by heart. His terrible satire on *William and Mary*, his allusions to the DAUGHTER particularly, who could so unnaturally aid and abet in the dethronement and expulsion from his kingdom of her own father, must, in parts at least, be familiar to every reader of Gaelic poetry, while nothing can be more beautiful and pathetic than his threnody on the *Execution of Montrose*, ending as it does with a satiric string of such pungency and venom as is perhaps unequalled, search for its compeer where you may, in any language, ancient or modern. Indignantly and scornfully referring to Macleod of Assynt, who so shamefully betrayed the hero to his doom, he in the concluding stanza turns round, and, in the most withering and contemptuous language, compares the reward with the valuable life betrayed :—

'Marbh-fhaig ort a dhi-mheis,  
Nach olc a reic thu am firean,  
Air son na mine Litich,  
A's da thrian di goirt !'

It is impossible to give an account of the contents of the book except by giving extracts from it. Its contents are as various as the genius of its author is versatile. We hope however, we have said enough to show that the book is one which every Highlander and lover of the Highlands ought to possess. For ourselves we are thankful that Dr Stewart has at last been induced to rescue his writings from the comparative oblivion of newspaper columns, and give them in this permanent form to his many admirers.

# ROUGH PRELIMINARY LIST OF BOOKS PRINTED IN THE IRISH CHARACTER AND LANGUAGE.

THE absence of any Bibliography of works printed in the Irish character and language, is a want which has long been felt, and a want which it ought not to be difficult, with a little perseverance, to supply. The following rough list is not in any way presented as accurate, complete, or scientifically put together. It is no more than it professes, a rough preliminary list of books described by various authorities as having been printed in the Irish character and language, both at home and abroad, before the year 1820. Comparatively few of the works named have been actually inspected, and respecting several of them it may be discovered that they have no claim to appear at all on the list. Still, if from this beginning a full, correct list of Irish printed works should eventually be arrived at, the attempt is worth something. It is hoped that all readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and all into whose hands this list may fall, will co-operate in making the Bibliography as full and accurate as possible, both by communicating the titles of any books here omitted, and correcting errors in the descriptions of any which here appear.

One word as to Irish types. Between 1571 and 1712, there were only two "founts" of Irish character in Great Britain and Ireland. The first, presented by Queen Elizabeth to O'Kearney, in 1571, is believed to have remained in Ireland till 1672, when it was secured by the Jesuits and transported to one of their seminaries abroad. This type is a hybrid character, being mostly the ordinary Roman and Italic letters, with some seven or eight of the special Irish letters added.

After the disappearance of this "fount," the kingdom was without any Irish type at all until 1680, when Robert Boyle had a fount cut by the London typefounder, Moxon, for the Scriptures published in 1681 and 1685. That fount is still in existence, and was used as late as 1820, for the quotations in O'Reily's account of Irish writers (Dublin, for the Iberno-Celtic Society). About that time numerous more elegant founts were produced, which have generally superseded the quaint Irish cut of Moxon.

In describing, therefore, Irish books printed either in Ire-

land or England between 1571 and 1800, we shall have to deal only with two founts of type, the former of which we know to have disappeared after 1652, and the latter not to have appeared till 1680.

Abroad there was, between 1600 and 1800, a better supply of Irish type than at home, and at Rome, Paris, Louvain, Antwerp, &c., it will be found that many books were printed.

In conclusion, if our list is to be confined (as I imagine it should be), to books printed, not only in the Irish language, but in the Irish *character*, it will be necessary to omit some of the titles in the present list, beginning with the famous "Blow" Catechism, printed in Belfast in 1722, in which the Irish is printed entirely in Roman characters.

T. B. R.

September 1885.

The following is the list:—

Date.	Short Title.	Size.	Place.	Type.	Notes.—Authority.
1571	O'Kearney's Catechism — "Abidil, &c."	8vo	Dublin	Q. Elizabeth	B. M. (C. 33. a. 1.)
1602	Daniell's New Test — "Tiomna Nuadh, &c."	fo	"	"	Do (C. 24. b. 18.)
1608	Hussey's Catechism		Louvain		Reid's Bibl. Scot. Celt.
1608-9	Daniell's Common Prayer — "Leadhbhar, &c."	fo	"	"	B. M. (C. 24. b. 17). (Described Lowndes 1946).
1611	Hussey's Catechism — Rep.		Antwerp		Reid's Bibl. Scoto Celt.
1618	Do. do. — "Teagasg Crios-daídh."		"		Do.
1618	McCawell—Sacrament of Penance		Louvain		Do.
1626	Conry — "Scathan an Chrabhuigh"		"		Do.
1626?	Gray—Celtic Grammar		? Dublin		Do.
1639	Stapleton — Catechism, &c., Latin and Irish		Louvain		Do.
	Bedell's Catechism in English and Irish		? Dublin		"Irish Scriptures" (Dublin, 1818) p. 16.
	Do. Forms of Prayer		"		Do., p. 17.
	Do. Selections from Scripture		"		Do., p. 17.
1640	Do. Three Homilies of Chrysostom		"		Do., p. 17.
	Do. Sermons by Leo O'Clery—Lexicon Hibernicum		Louvain		Do., p. 17. (See also his other works) ? transcriptions.
1645	Gearnon's Catechism		"		
1652	Godfrey Daniel — Catechism, "Christian Doctrine," Eng. and Irish	8vo	Dublin	? Q. Elizabeth	Lowndes, 390. Irish Script, p. 19.
1667	Macgiolla's Essay on Miracles. Eng. and Irish		Louvain		Reid.

Date.	Short Title.	Size.	Place.	Type.	Notes.—Authority.
1676	O'Molloy's <i>Lucerna Fidei</i> — "Lochran an Chreidmheach"		Rome		Reid.
	Various Irish Grammars				Do.
1677	O'Molloy's <i>Grammatica</i> , Lat. Hibern., compend	12 mo	"		Do, Prop. Fidei.)
1680	Boyle — Church Catechism		? London	Moxon's	Lowndes, 390.
1681	Do.—New Test (Daniell's)	4to	London	"	T. B. R.
1685	Do.—Old Test (Bedells)	4to	"	"	Irish Script, p. 28.
1690	Do.—Bible (with vocabulary?)				Do.
1706	Lhuyd—Irish-Eng. Dictionary	fo	? Rome		Do.
1707	Irish Catechism		Rome		Do.
1711	Richardson (Rev. J.) — Practical Sermons		London	Moxon's	Irish Script, p. 43.
1712	Do.—Common Prayer, Irish & Eng. (S. P. C. K.)	8vo	?	"	See Lowndes, 1946. Irish Script, p. 44. T. B. R.
1712?	Do.—Church Catechism (S. P. C. K.)			"	Irish Script, p. 44.
1712	Do.—Lewis Exposition of Church Catechism (S. P. C. K.)			"	Do. p. 44. Do. p. 44.
1722	Church Catechism, Irish and Eng. — "Tesag Kreesdee"		Belfast (Blow)	"	Do. p. 46. Now in Trin Coll. Dublin. The Irish in Roman character.
1723	Donlevy's Catechism	8vo	Paris		Bookseller's List.
1728	M'Curtin Elements of Irish Language	8vo	"		Lowndes, 1435. Reid.
1732	Do. English Irish Dictionary, 1st part only	4to	"		Do. Do. Do.
1735	Bp. Gallagher's—17 Sermons		? Rome		Reid, in Roman character.
1735?	Common Prayer, Irish and Eng.—(Advert. by Gunne)	?8vo	Dublin		Irish Script, p. 47.
1742	Donlevy's Catechism	8vo	Paris		T. B. R. Reid.
1750?	Arch bp. O'Reilly's Catechism				Reid,
1768	Jno. O'Brien Irish-Eng. Dictionary	4to	"		Lowndes, 1714.
? 1771	Vallancey's Irish Grammar	4to	Dublin		Lowndes, 2750. 2nd edit., 1782, and other works.
1808	Neilson's do. do.	8vo	"		T. B. R.
1809	O'Bryan (Paul) do. do.	8vo	"		Lowndes, 1714.
	Halliday (Wm.) do. do.				Reid.
1817	O'Reilly, (Ed.), Irish-Eng. Dictionary	4to	Dublin		Lowndes, 1730.

Reference Books which should be consulted.

O'Reilly, Edw. Catalogue of Irish Works in verse and prose, with a chronological account of Irish writers, etc. Dublin, 1820, 4to (part I. of Trans. of Iberio Celtic Soc. of which no more was printed).

Lowndes, Bibliographer's Manual.

Reid's Bibliotheca, Scoto-Celtica.

"Irish Scriptures," 1818.

Madden's Irish Periodical Literature.

Catalogue of Sir R. Peel's Library, etc., etc.

## PROVOST MACANDREW ON OLD INVERNESS.

IN the course of his neat and eloquent speech conferring the freedom of the Burgh of Inverness on the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., on Friday, the 18th of September, Provost Macandrew said—

In performing this duty it may be well that I should let you know that in becoming associated with the Burgh of Inverness you will become a citizen of no mean or modern city. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) We do not know when first a body of our remote ancestors, resolving to give up a wandering existence and to lead some sort of settled and civic life, came to take up their habitations in this neighbourhood; but the first authentic historical event in our annals is not only picturesque but important in the history of Scotland. In the year 560 when Saint Columba resolved to set out from his Western Isle on his mission to convert the inhabitants of this country to Christianity it was to Inverness that he came, and this town was then of sufficient importance to be the seat of the Court and of the government of Brude the powerful Pictish king who then ruled from the Orkneys to the line between the firths of Forth and Clyde, where the valour of our ancestors had placed a limit to the conquering arms of Rome. (Cheers.) It was thus evident that, even at a very remote time, Inverness was a place of importance, and it is from this time that we date our right to call this town the capital of the Highlands. (Cheers.) Our first existing written records consist of charters of William the Lion, which show that even so early as his time this town had become a burgh, and had some form of civic government and constitution. From that time the burgh has existed as such. It has always been the seat of a Royal Castle; and from the earliest times of our Parliamentary history it has contributed to send a member to the Imperial Government—a title which before the union belonged to the Scottish Parliament—and we have continuously exercised the privilege of local government, and have been to some extent at all times, I hope, the recipients of its advantages and examples of its good effects. (Loud cheers.) You are, no doubt, aware that from the earliest times it has been the custom of Scottish burghs to show their respect for, and appreciation of, the careers of distinguished men of all ranks and professions who have come among them by conferring on them the freedom of the burgh. It may be no great honour to one who has sat in the Councils of the Queen to become a Burgess of Inverness; it may be no great privilege to you, sir, to haunt our markets, but it is the highest honour which it is in our power to offer; and to show you that we ask your name to be enrolled among no undistinguished compeers, I may tell you that from the remotest times of which we have record we have had among our honorary burgesses men distinguished in arms, in arts, in song, great statesmen, great warriors—men whose names have become household words. . . . It is among such names as these that we now offer to enrol yours, and I trust that you will accept the offer in the spirit in which it is made—not as any mark of party or political favour—for the members of this Council are elected generally without reference to their opinions on subjects of general politics—and while in the Council as in the community there is a prevailing opinion on these subjects of which you, sir, would not greatly disapprove, I do not know that we are entitled to speak on them authoritatively for our fellow-citizens; but as a personal tribute of respect for yourself and for your career as a statesman. (Cheers.) We offer you this tribute, not because you are a great party leader, but because we believe that you look on party not as an organisation for the attainment of place and power by any particular set of men, but as an association of men united in the pursuit of some object which they hold to be great and good, and because we believe that the aim which you set before yourself is the prosperity, the greatness, and the glory of our country and the happiness of the people. Offering you this tribute in this spirit, we venture to hope that the events of this day may have some kindly place in your memory, and that what we have done will have some place among the motives which shall incite you to persevere in your career, to keep before you those high aims which alone a statesman ought to pursue, and to aid in helping forward by well-considered steps that great political tendency which, influenced and animated by something higher than party, has for centuries guided the destinies of this country.

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